

When Life Is Endless Suffering  
By Judson Baker

I hope that my words can soothe the suffering souls, of all my brothers and sisters who read this. I watched my friends & family suffer all my life, wondering to myself all the time “why is this such a horrible world to live in?” assuming naively that was indeed the truth. When a person has complete faith in an idea, or notion, their entire world can crumble when their beliefs are disproved through personal experience. Faith is a very human thing, and humans can be very funny. Sometimes faith is based on evidence, other times it is programmed into our brains like an advertisement telling you all your problems will disappear if you buy a product. Without trust, faith does not exist. I don’t want you to read this because you think it will make all your problems go away. I want you to read this so I can share my suffering. By doing so, I hope to enlighten those who have been blessed with easy lives, and awaken those who have suffered so much that they have given up on life. If you agree to read my little story, I will agree to put my soul into words. Trust in yourself, and you shall not be deceived. Trust in me, and you just might understand why faith is an illusion that will only confine a person to a world of limitations, doubt, and misery. Or not.

-Judson Jerald Baker  
Monday, December 18<sup>th</sup>, 2006.

## Chapter 1

### Why was I born?

People are always trying to convince me that I chose this life. They say that even before I was born, I made the decision to be here. I tell those people “that’s nice” because it’s too much trouble explaining to them why they are full of crap. If I chose this life, then I am a profit, because nobody knows what their life is going to be, unless they can predict the future, and they have faith in destiny. Usually those same people who tell me I chose to be here, also tell me that we all possess free will. I pose the question, if life is like a game of Monopoly TM, and we all have free will, why can’t I hop in the race car and go play another game? That is what I would do if I had free will. But I don’t know of any other games but this one, so I shall continue to roll the dice in this never ending game of loss and sadness.

When I was born, at around 8:00 A.M. on the morning on June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1981, my umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck in three loops. If I had been born in the traditional way, like a big vaginal turd, invading this world only to stink it up, I would have probably died. This umbilical noose is the perfect metaphor for my entire life. I wanted to die before I was born, but they had to cut me out against my will, so here I sit.

My grandmother Mary said that I couldn’t possibly be the newborn child, because I looked like a little Mexican baby. It’s true, I did. Hospital employees were shouting out numbers, attempting to predict my weight. “Eight pounds!” and “Nine and a half!” could be heard, my dad caught on chiming in with “Ten pounds!” I was actually 9.6lbs.

My father always told me that as soon as he saw me, he noticed my eyes were always very focused. When I look at those baby pictures now, it appears I was constantly attempting to figure out what was going on. Trying to label things around me before I even knew how to label things. My father also has a story of the first time he changed my diaper. Right when he was removing my soiled diaper, I let loose with my mini water gun, squirting him directly in the eye. You could say I’ve always been opposed to life, and those who try to direct it. You could also say I’ve always had a knack for pissing all over situations. Those cloth diapers were the best guitar cleaning wipes my dad ever used, so at least I brought pleasant aspects into life as well as chaos.

My mother on the other hand, didn't have an easy time bringing me into this world. I was a few weeks past due, I attribute that to my lack of wanting to exist in this world. That and maybe on a cosmic level I wasn't meant to be a Gemini. During the cesarean section, when she was fully unconscious from the general anesthesia, her screams could be heard through all the way out into the hallway. Also, my fourteen-year-old half sister was not happy about my upcoming arrival, and made things tougher for my mother.

My sister hated my father and still does to this day. I think she felt the need to express her hatred by attempting to suffocate me with a pillow while I was in my crib. My parents said I suffered from terrible colic and digestive problems as an infant, my crying must have made her snap I guess. Only when she realized I was starting to die, did she stop and begin to resuscitate me back. My asthma might have come from that experience, that and my subconscious fear of death. My sister was so guilt ridden, she could not tell my mother until years later, and even then I think it was a slip up on her part rather than a confession. I don't think my parents ever forgave her for that event. I have though, although I'm unsure if I've ever even talked to her about it. When my father first told me, after my mother had snitched my sister out, I kind of hated my sister, but mostly couldn't believe she did that. So I tried to put it out of my mind. By that age I was already good at putting bad things out of my mind. My sister moved out of our west Tucson townhouse when she was 15.

Because of my digestive problems, I was given a predigested formula to sustain myself. Breast milk, and bonding with my mother, was a luxury I was not granted. I don't know or care how that affected me.

I can't say much else about those first few years, as I cannot remember them. From the photos, I know I met my 103 years old great grandmother, who happened to be full blooded Yaqui. My parents used to take me to the Reid Park zoo. I also know they would take me to the Kennedy Park lake to feed the ducks. For my birthday at Kennedy Park I had a cake that said "Happy Birthday J.J." Whenever I was getting my picture taken, my eyes were usually open very wide, looking directly into the camera. I used to play with musical instruments like they were toys. I can be seen in pictures with my mother, father, and grandfather Ralph, jamming out having the time of my life making noise with my toys. Oh yeah, my first word was mama. Also, when my parents told me I was too old for a bottle, I walked over to the trashcan in the kitchen and threw away my bottle. My parents were so shook up by my act of maturity they took the bottle out of the trash and saved it for years to come.

I believe my parents loved me very much, which made my eventual hip surgery all that much tougher for them to endure. After I turned two years old I was diagnosed with osteomyelitis of the right

hip joint. I had to have open hip surgery after more than half of the ball of my hip had rotted away. My parents were told that I might not be able to walk because of this. After the surgery I was placed in a full body cast that went from my armpits down to my toes. Strangers who saw me in public affectionately went out of their way to try and make me happy.

My favorite toy, a little stuffed duck that I affectionately referred to as "Peak" reminded me of my favorite T.V. personality, "Pete the Beak". In reality, the big yellow duck who dressed like a superhero, was a mascot designed to inform us Tucson desert dwellers that we should conserve water during certain hours to "Beat the Peak". All I cared about was the duck, he dressed like Superman and made me so happy I wanted to be a superhero. My mother picked up on this making Peak his very own hero suit, red cape and everything. I brought my little friend with me everywhere. He never passed judgment on me, never made me feel uncomfortable, and most important, was always there for me. One time I lost Peak at the local flea market "Value Village" (which I pronounced wallou willich) and thought that my world had ended. I was so upset I was falling to pieces. It very well may have been my first nervous break down. Thank goodness Peak was still there later on when we checked back. Sitting there with the toys, waiting for us to pay his bail and get back home. My parents arranged for the real Peak, "Pete the Beak", to show at my house and made me the happiest kid alive. I think my parents said I was scared at first, afraid of this giant duck. But you can see in the photographs that I met my hero, and had realized some very important lessons. I learned superheroes were real, T.V. stars were real, and I could meet them in real life.

After sometime they took me out of the cast and placed into a set of ugly mechanical looking braces. Those strangers who felt sympathy for me before, assuming I was just a poor baby with a broken bone, now treated me like an alien, or even worse, like I was diseased. Even though I was diseased, I resented people for shunning me. My relationship with life had become quite ugly. Quite often I was expressionless, physically and emotionally drained from the challenges of life. Although music, animals, and superheroes captured my interest, the tribulations of life had a lasting effect on me, and my parents. My mother and father were nervous wrecks. My father was highly depressed, and was experiencing very bad back pain, and my mother developed severe migraine headaches.

I became disenchanted with the real world and longed for escape anyway I could. The only way I could cope was to live in a fantasy world inside my head. My toys were my friends, music was my escape, and television gave me ideas. Watching Disney cartoon classics was a great way to pass the time, as well as the Spider-Man and Captain America videos I had.